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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

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THE ENSLAVING OF OREGON

The car shortage hearing shows how little the interests of Oregon are considered by the railroad companies, compared with California, Washington and other coast states. Our mills and factories are closing down one after another and our produce is delayed on its way to market because there are no cars available for use on the Oregon lines. States to the north and south are plentifully supplied.

Why this discrimination against Oregon? This state at present is in the hands of the friends of the railroads and big corporations from governor down. They are continually ding-donging about "freak" laws which are hurting the state. They are pleading for safe and sane legislation—and everything that pleases the corporate interests looks safe and sane to them. The sway of the corporation in Oregon is absolute at the present time. Down in California and up in Washington there are more "freak" laws on the statute books than in any other two states in the union. Governor Hiram Johnson has fought the railroad corporations ever since he was old enough to fight anything—and that was pretty young because he comes of fighting stock. Governor Earnest Lister on the north is a straight-out anti-corporation man.

California and Washington compel the railroads to do their duty as common carriers, and Oregon whines and whimpers and begs from them the facilities with which to carry on its ordinary industry and commerce, meanwhile apologizing because the voters have enacted certain "freak" laws in the interest of the people who pay the freight.

That explains why California and Washington have plenty of cars and Oregon has none.

The state or community which demands its rights from the railroad corporation will get it if it has the power to enforce that demand. A local illustration may be seen in Salem's depot situation. The commercial club and "prominent" citizens of the town, dominated by railroad influence, have advised a waiting policy—and Salem is still waiting for a depot while other less important cities have been given splendid stations and attractive railroad yards.

The moral is that the nation or the state must control the public service corporations with an iron hand, or they will turn upon the commonwealth and rule with the merciless grip of the medieval tyrant.

Oregon is being ruled by the railroad company through proxies occupying the state offices and controlling the state's affairs and influencing legislation, while the great, growing and prosperous states of the West—California, Washington, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma and others are passing more and more of the so-called "freak" laws which compel the railroads to work for the people and upon their terms. In Oregon the people are working for the railroads—whenever those corporations feel inclined to send enough freight cars across our borders to allow the wheels of industry to turn at all.

The car shortage hearing in Portland is the pitiful wail of a corporation-enslaved people.

Circumstantial evidence got emphasis placed upon its correctness by Special City Engineer George Edmondstone of Portland a few days ago, when to show the city council how slowly certain work had been done he pointed out a nest built by a robin on an unfinished job, and in which she had hatched out her little family and removed its members without being disturbed at her work by the contractors who were supposed to be building the Union viaduct. As convincing evidence, "can you beat it?"

Greece is having as much trouble as though actively engaged in war, but it is more of the comedy class than tragedy. The latest worry for King Constantine according to late dispatches yesterday, was the revolt of the island of Crete which renounced its allegiance to him. The little country has been playing around the edge of the maelstrom for some time and sooner or later she is certain to fall in.

PREDICTS END OF WAR IN 1917

Mr. H. G. Wells, a war correspondent who has been on all the battle fronts, predicts the war will end in June. He bases his prediction on what he thinks is indisputable evidence the Teutons are beaten. He calls attention to the fact that on all the fronts, the Teuton allies are giving way, losing many prisoners, and as on the Somme driven from their stronger positions and fighting desperately but hopelessly in the weaker ones, but losing steadily. From these things which he claims are correct, he draws the conclusion that anyway by June 1917 the Germans will make formal demand for peace. Others with whom he is in contact at the front, he says, fix the date of the war's ending at August, 1917. There is but a difference of a couple of months but those claiming August as the date also assert the Germans will make an official bid for peace before the year is out, probably by October, and that the terms will have been arranged and the end really reached by August of next year.

It must be remembered though that this estimate is made by Germany's enemies who have always underestimated her strength and her resources. As the Teutons fall back their lines are shortened and to that extent strengthened, and it is an open question at least, whether when they have been forced back to their own territories, if they are so forced back, the allies will be able to make any further gains. Mr. Wells also calls attention to the fact that the German supply of munitions is getting shy while that of the allies is increasing all the time.

This latter phase of the situation, if true, is the most dangerous feature of the outlook for Germany.

Ex-President Taft in a copyrighted article published recently says he intended to recognize Huerta as president of Mexico and would have done so had it not been that Huerta became president only about eleven days before his own time expired and he did not want to embarrass the incoming president, Mr. Wilson. Mr. Taft did well to copyright that article and so prevent its being reprinted to any great extent. He would have done better had he never written it. He says it was never proved that Huerta killed Madero, and that the action of President Wilson in holding him guilty was "immature diplomacy." No one doubts Huerta being directly responsible for Madero's death, for he was the one to profit by it, and he saw that none of those implicated in that coldblooded murder was ever punished. Mr. Taft having no case descends to very pitiful pettifoggery.

Rather a pitiful story comes from Los Angeles of Harry Knowland, a newspaper reporter who ended his life Wednesday after writing his own story of his suicide. His death unsealed the lips of a friend, who says Knowland was married to a little crippled wife. She loved and wanted children of her own but this was denied her. Behind closed doors, Knowland and the little motherly wife kept a life sized doll which they pretended was their baby and planned for its future, living a life of "make believe." The doll was buried in the coffin with its "mother," and Knowland came west, stopping at Los Angeles. It was grief over his wife's death that caused him to commit suicide. Truly there are more things this side of heaven than "are dreamed of in our philosophy."

San Francisco is worried because Emmy Destin is held a prisoner in Austria on account of her pro-ally sentiments. She was to sing in the monster open air production of "Aida," was in fact the prima donna, and the production of the opera is held up. The state department has been appealed to and has requested Austria to permit her to come to America to fill her engagements. Thus do sensitive ears as well as retund stomachs feel the effects of war.

Mrs. Lydia Munce has the distinction of being the first woman in the state of Washington to be arrested as a "Lazy Husband." She deserted her husband and children in Tacoma and went to Seattle, two rather heinous offenses, but has been taken back and presumably told to support her family or go to jail.



KNOWING THE WORST

Every morning John, the granger, looked with sadness on his corn, for it was in deadly danger, by the hot winds seared and torn. Through the weary weeks he'd tilled it—only nightfall made him stop—hoping by his toil to build it into something like a crop. It was perishing for water, and the heavens leaked no more; every day was fiercer, hotter, than the day that went before. And it seemed to John the granger, as he watched his corn crop go, that henceforth he'd be a stranger to all things but grief and woe. But when once suspense was ended, and he knew the crop was gone, "Next year's crop may well be splendid, and I'll bank on that," said John. "Two bad years don't come together—that would be too fierce, gad-zooks! So next year we'll have such weather as we read about in books." Thus the buoyant, hopeful mortal rises when the worst is known, to surprise you with a chortle when you're looking for a groan.

U. of O. Enrollment Will Be Above 2,000

University of Oregon, Eugene, Sept. 22.—The college of liberal arts of the University of Oregon apparently will reach the 2000 mark this year. A registration of 1000 in liberal arts will give the state university a total enrollment of about 2000, although Oregon is one of the most thinly populated of the states, having only seven persons to the square mile. Its state university has thus passed the dividing line between the small and the large educational institution.

The enrollment up to today in liberal arts was about 875. Students detained by harvest, hopping and other work are still to appear, and a registration in February of about 100 is assured from the experience of previous years. In addition to the enrollment in liberal arts is that in the school of music, school of medicine, the summer school, and the correspondence study department. In the summer school were 314; in the school of medicine are about 80; in the correspondence study department are about 500.

The total registration of about 2000 does not include the extension classes that contain several hundred persons. Fewer students have left Oregon for university training this year than at any time hitherto, it is said. On the other hand, a number has appeared this year from other states for training in the University of Oregon.

Thursday Night for Children's Welfare

Thursday night, September 28, will be Child's Welfare Night at the State Fair, the week of September 25, and an elaborate program of entertainment and instruction is in course of preparation to be carried out in the auditorium of the old pavilion upon that evening, beginning at 7:30. There will be band music and each of the five state institutions, the Blind, Deaf Mute, Boys' Training and Feeble-Minded Institute located at Salem, will contribute features of entertainment toward making up a preliminary program. The principal feature of the evening will be an address by Mrs. Ribert H. Tate, chairman of the State Child Welfare Commission, upon what the association and its affiliated organizations are doing for the care, education and protection of the child. A consolidated Child Welfare exhibit will be made in the old pavilion in which all of the institutions, 12 in number, in the state, will maintain exhibits, including the Child Welfare Commission and the State Department of Instruction and it will be upon a much larger scale than ever before displayed.

Testimony Indicates Road Discriminated

Portland, Or., Sept. 21.—Lumbermen and other northwestern shippers testified today in the Oregon public service commission's investigation into the freight car famine. Charles McGowan, manager of the Ewauna Box company of Klamath Falls, in his evidence asserted the California Pine Box and Shook company was able to get cars and deliveries when he could not do so and that another plant in Klamath Falls with a production half as large as his, is given fully as many cars.

William Sproule, president of the Southern Pacific, was an important witness on the opening hearing. He promised relief by saying the Southern Pacific traffic department is arranging for interchange of traffic with the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. Sproule asserted shippers could help lessen the car shortage by not taking so long to load trains.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.
I stood in the doorway for a moment before I spoke. Clifford was drawing on his gloves, and I thought what a handsome man he was, and how I would have loved him if he had treated me differently.
"Will I do?" I finally asked.
"I should say you would! You really look stunning, Mildred. I'm glad you are learning how to dress. I like a woman I go out with to be up-to-date."
I was so pleased that I slipped out of my wrap and danced around before him so that he might see my gown.
"Is it too low? I have never worn one out so low before, and the color suits you perfectly. Let me see your shoes."
I put out my slipped foot. Both stockings and slippers exactly matched my gown.
"They are all right. Come on, now, or we will be late. There's the taxi now."
Just before we reached the theatre he leaned over and kissed me lightly on the cheek.
Mildred Pleases Clifford.
"I'm very proud of you tonight, my dear. I guess we'll have to go to some gay place for a little supper."
"Oh, that would be lovely!" I enthused. Then I wondered if I had taken more pains to be like the older women Clifford knew, had thought more of style and clothes, if he would have been any different? Anyway, he never should have a chance to find fault on that score with me again.
The play was a comedy drama which did not interest me very much. Clifford was immensely amused and laughed constantly. I was too much occupied with my own thoughts to be taken with the humor of the play.
Why couldn't Clifford be like this all the time? I wondered. If he were I would soon forget all that had passed and love him. It wouldn't be hard. Then over me swept the thought of the agony of body and mind I had endured when he left me ill with my newborn baby and I knew that I should never forgive him for that. But I would never mention it, and so we could be happy.
"Oh, yes!" I assured him.
"Then why don't you act as if you did? You are as demure as a church mouse."
For the remainder of the play I put all thoughts away and listened to what was going on on the stage. After the play was over we went to one of the

THE TATTLER

The "trusty" who departed from the penitentiary yesterday morning put the coffee on before he left. There's something to the fellow.

"I wish that I were half the man my mother thought I'd be" is the title of a popular song. Half is too much. Even a quarter would be enough to ask for in most cases.

Old Salem is undergoing her regular annual dressing down at the hands of the town letter writers. It is likely a powerful relief to the letter writers.

Any man who has served a term as mayor of Salem and has the approbation of even a portion of the population is considerable of a man.

It is a saying in a certain progressive town in the Mississippi valley that the better the mayor the more the kicks. Something in it.

Which in the course of a given term gathers the more family secrets, the doctor or the justice of the peace?

So far as it is possible to observe, the chest of a Ford owner sticks out just as far as anybody's.

There is one chap in town who says it isn't going to be much of a fair. He thinks his boss isn't going to let him off.

City Judge Elgin says that any sincere person's religion is entitled to respect. He is a wise judge.

This is a tough world in some respects. After a man gets old enough to tell the difference between love and indigestion it's too late.



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MY HUSBAND AND I

By Jane Phelps

AN EVENING AT THE TREATRE

gayer restaurants to supper. There was dancing, and as I loved to dance, and Clifford danced well, I was delighted.

The Cabaret.
"Can we dance?" I asked.
"Not now. Perhaps later, I'll see. I don't much care to have my wife dance in these public places, but we may take one turn."
Clifford ordered a dainty little supper, everything I liked. Then he chatted and told me stories until I was really happy. After we had finished he ordered coffee, and said:
"Come on, we'll dance this two-step while they are bringing the coffee."
Oh, how I enjoyed that dance! I had so long been denied any pleasures that I felt like a debutante. I had forgotten every disagreeable thing that had happened. When we were again seated, I heard a man at the next table remark:
"I wonder who Hammond's got with him? She's young, but she's a beauty."
Clifford had also heard. As we rose from the table he said:
"You see, my dear, others think you look well tonight, too."
"Oh, I'm so happy, and thank you for bringing me," I answered, almost bashfully.

(Tomorrow — A Yachting Trip.)

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